

**Dry-ice** bombs are an inexpensive, and relatively safe way to make loud explosions, with commonly

available and **carbonated** works stand. It is much louder than anything I have Subjectively speaking, I would say a 5-lb produces an explosion as loud as a 12-

**3 Surround the product with dry ice**

Soda bottles work best, though the 2-liter bottles still work

**2. Locate and purchase** by the pound and cool the dry ice in a suitable ice into small pieces to fit into

**3. Fill a bottle** bottom (for

is the best

**4. Fill** the sublimation will last and reduce

**5. QUICKLY**

RUN, so

the bottle down

Somewhere

carbon dioxide

rupture the bottle

the force

solid piece of flash the enough

the

mentation led

to

bottle.

the

en. So

the

the

sure to

explosion



## II

All these tumultuous events ascend!  
Children's rhymes sung sleepily,  
orchids blooming in the corner of the room,  
photographs along the walls, four boys here,  
one there. (And that is him. This is him room.)

The television presents veterans knee deep in  
the snow, flashbacks stabbing at their eyes  
until before them, the dead lie among the gore.  
The girl closes her eyes finally. She sleeps.

## THE CORE |

Remember the sultry nights of summer and  
The sordid delight of cars?  
You all exploded when you got your licenses,  
But I, I never tried.

In the darkness surrounding town  
where the air was heavy,  
phantom lights motioned for us to follow.  
They called.

And often our headlights moved across our fears,  
and so we spun the wheel, turning to illuminate  
new nightmares.  
Something else.

A doe struck dumb, frozen within the headlights.  
More terrible to me than the darkness  
was the realisation: *too slow*.  
A thump and then: *dead doe*.

All the illusions we created for ourselves,  
anything to suffice what were long, haunting nights and

*A whisper. A turn of the wheel...*

A looming face hung over us like the moon  
as we shivered in our stalled and lonely car.  
Min-min lights in the distance, which  
quickly coalesce into figures –  
toting flashlights.

*More than once we were hunted (with guns), into the night*

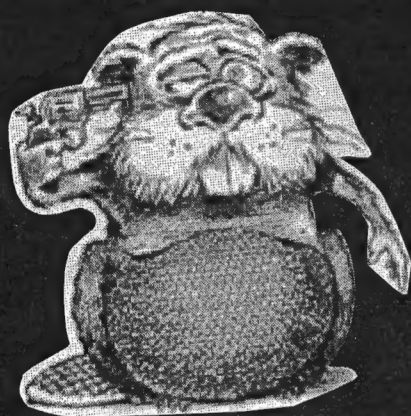
going to ground. Scattering... *And silence*  
until you could no longer bear it  
and from that impenetrable darkness –  
*you called my name.*

*a turn of the wheel...*

#### IV

'Who taught you anal sex?' asks Tranter (as though he didn't know already). The hands you have met and loved, the hands that manipulate the printer. **FLASHING ICON: ON.** Blink twice and pass out.

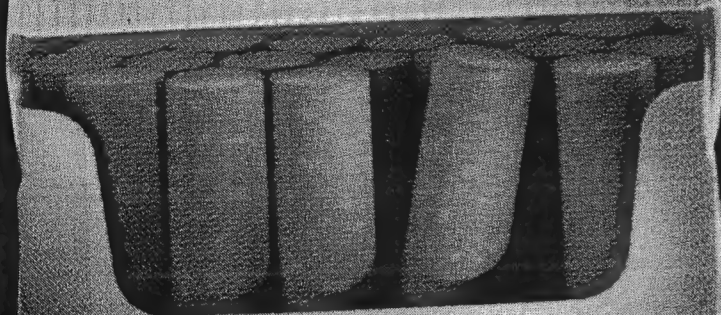
You've painted the roof with roses. Unfolding His umbrella, the curator remarks "How very Common." Paint peeling: petals falling to the Floor. Dead umbrella (!) –  
The seagulls are having a field day,  
"Pull up a perch," "Chips?" etc.







**LUCKIES**  
AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL



**FILTERS**  
KING SIZE BOX



~piano~

The potholed road  
hugs us as we speed along  
in your little car.  
The scenery flickers,  
fence posts intermittent.

\*

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Down by the river  
giant Gum trees  
sprawl,  
as we sit hand in hand  
watching the leaves slowly fall.

And down in the river  
are slippery stones.  
How we searched for flat ones,  
and skimmed them  
once, twice, thrice,  
then journeyed home.



I see you opposite me  
with your meagre tears and  
on the brink,  
the brink of it all.

And who are they,  
pigeons, to challenge us?

Like wraiths we  
scatter from their call.

Ribbons. Black ribbons,

all that's left of our voices.

They're gone.

(Adieu.)

*Tip, riveting on air,*

all of it, nothing.

No it's nothing at all.

An innocent afternoon  
is lazed away,  
naked, upon soft sheets.  
Where the sun settles  
I touch your lips, your skin.  
Through the air motes drift  
upon chords of rich violin.  
Our hair is long and sweet,

your hands are warm, your skin is fresh.  
I have waited over half a year to place  
this flesh on flesh.

David

your tongue is hot against my neck,  
you take away my breath.

The sweet boys you find down on the corner  
have pocketfuls of bombs.

Their recipes for Thermite, Napalm, CO<sub>2</sub>,  
slipped between little sheets of paper.

Little sheets of poetry.

These sweet candy boys  
with cinnamon eyes and honey skin,  
they draw you in.

Guy Fawkes night comes round again  
and candy boys with pockets full

of penny bombs and shrapnel dreams,  
plant them and race off manically.

Some boys run fast, some boys run slow.

Penny bombs split their seams.

woops!

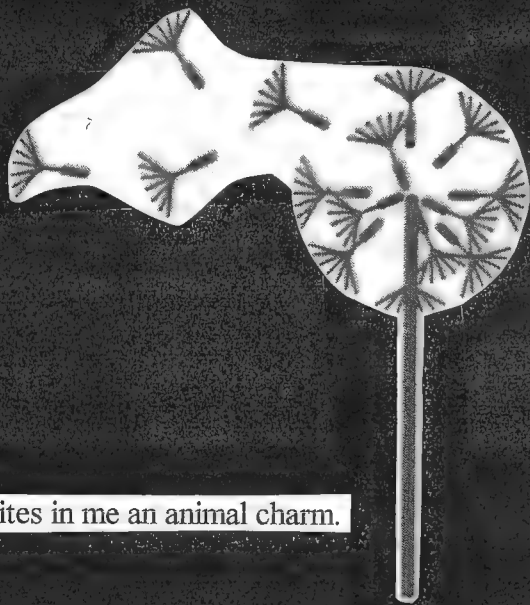


Even your carbon prayers cannot detect  
our faith, our breath (you will confess).  
Across the shore – an *aurora borealis* and  
great boats which drift across the sky,  
bursting into the colours, setting them a fly.

You say you have gone blind?  
Church bells sound off against the coast,  
their peeling shakes the cliffs, sets them to fall,  
the ships implode upon the call,  
and the aurora dissipates.



As he falls into my arms he's electric.



His frailty ignites in me an animal charm.

The maple leaves which fold like paper.  
I can picture you  
with that other man  
I envy.

I would vie for you  
if I hadn't set myself in concrete.  
I know that now.  
I regret it.

Would I ask for your hand  
while you bend your back  
to kiss the Blarney stone?  
I wouldn't...

It's surface is smooth and indifferent.  
Things have cooled  
a little, and this morning  
you experienced your first

Irish rain. It left you numb,  
you were astounded by its  
cold vision, by the clarity  
which came

and settled. I can  
picture you in Ireland,  
fur collar pulled high.

Her papered face (crackles and) tears as she ages,  
This woman sitting on a park bench  
Somewhere.

She,  
A Rose,  
A woman  
Rapidly mutates  
Heaves and swells,  
Stutters and  
Flickers like a flame  
Under an  
Onslaught.

She is like  
Many dog-eared  
Pages  
As they are  
Flicked through,  
Taunted and teased.

Shall we open  
With the start  
Of her book?

How about here,  
At twenty-four.  
So beautiful

And carefree.  
Until she  
After being wet,

And hot  
And married  
Swells

And shrinks  
Twice,  
Two little babies

Who grew up  
And silently,  
Left her.

Then too  
The plain wedding ring  
You see

Upon her freshly  
Balled fist...  
Disappears.



\* \* \*

She sits in her airline seat  
and shivers,  
Predicts what hour she'll get there.

Then drifts around the world,  
Disappearing  
Into air.

The current pulls us asunder  
And my last vision:  
*Of red hair.*



She becomes  
A shadowed figure  
That

Gathers all the pigeons  
By throwing out  
Mixed grain.'

And it's here her book abruptly  
Stops-  
As we see there's

One

Last

Page.

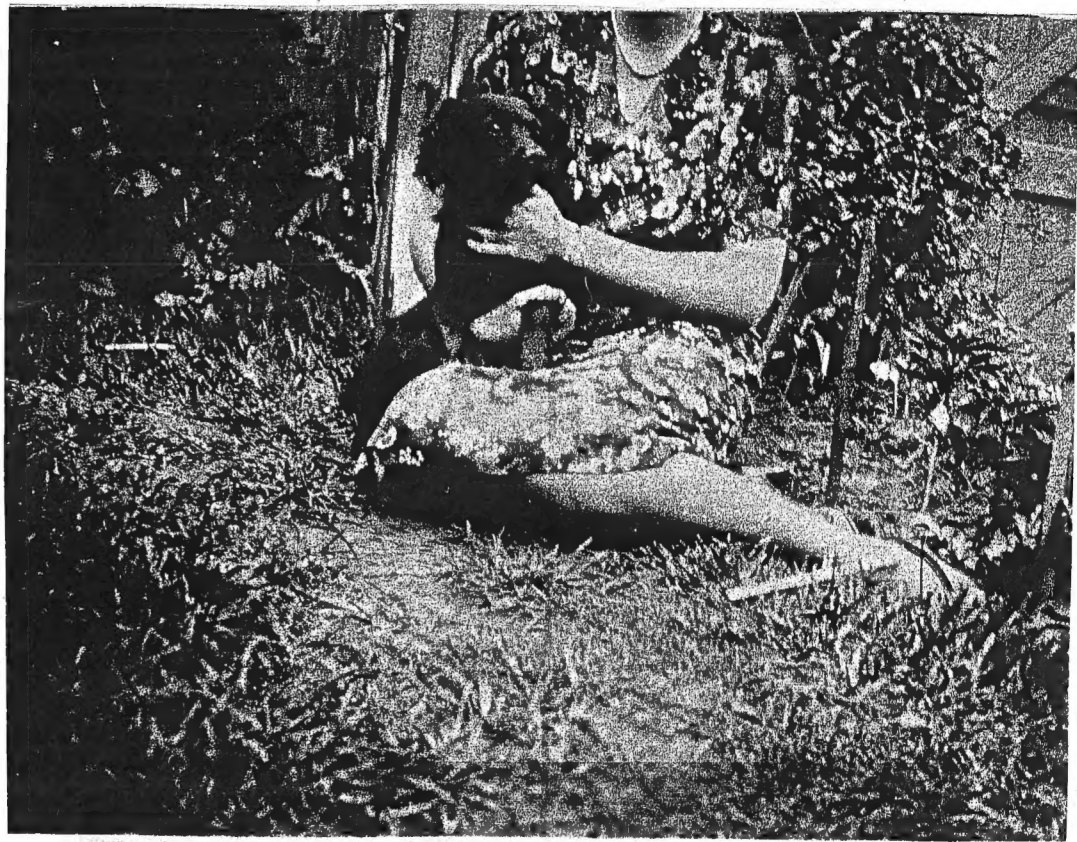
Esther Violet Rose  
Feeds her  
Cooing

Pigeons  
And makes plans  
To leave

## VI

Cherry blossom, it is with you that I have this great rapport. I almost understand you, now that I have reached your core. But tell me, Hiroshima, do you still wish those planes would fall? Or do we end in the flash of a dream that you prefer not to recall?

A four minute fall into the pacific ocean  
a cold call, the realisation:  
this is not a dream, this is not your exact  
likeness in the mirror



A television standing alone in a room,  
its screen covered in blue static.  
It flickers, buzzes and hums  
before the headlights of an  
anonymous car move over it,  
and disappear.

Then black.

But the humming continues,  
getting louder, until it is deafening,  
until it is in our heads  
and we wake up,  
opening our eyes,  
and we *realise*...

Remember those distant friends  
who fell away from us?  
Who fell away from us  
into nothingness...

*a turn of the wheel.*

Sometimes our headlights  
slipped across another car  
and we tailed it, while I  
sat up in back, seeing everything...  
but comprehending nothing.  
at all.

We followed you,  
those distant friends and I,  
our headlights – haunting –  
the way they trailed and searched  
for a way through the smoke.  
Or was it darkness?  
Or was it fire?

*the humming starts up again  
but we push it down and it falls away*



**This Zine was made in June/July of 2004. It was produced to coincide with Queer Collaborations, which is in Brisbane for 2004.**

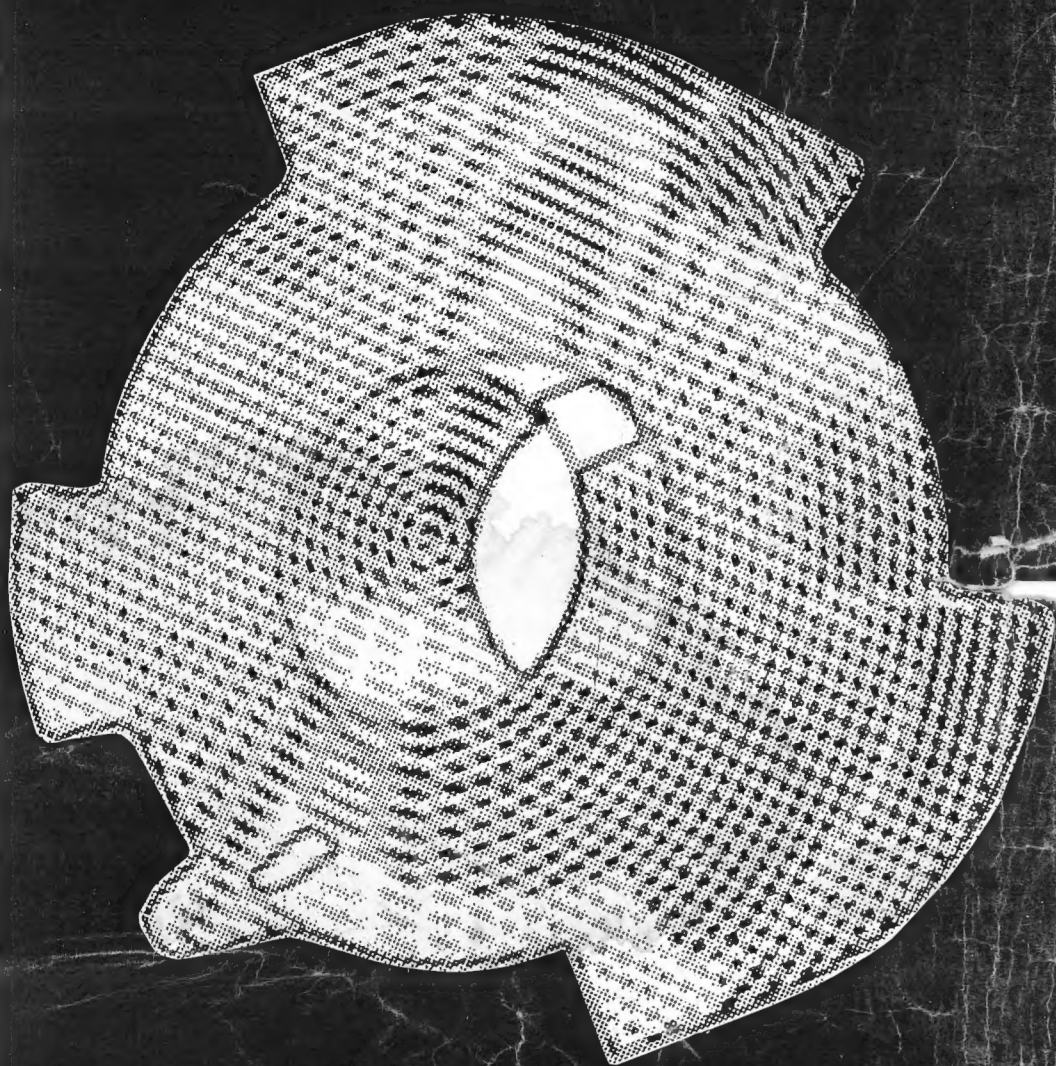
**It is a collection of my poetry that I have produced while studying at Wollongong University, and also work that precedes my uni education. There's juvenilia in here, along with some of my more recent stuff.**

**This is my first Zine.**

"I suppose you could argue that I am a psychopath or something, but honestly, i don't think I could ever do anything to physically hurt or kill someone. Though sometimes I'd like to...

Just a little fat explosive tucked somewhere nicely in Kirribilli House. Yes."

*Daniel Brown*



this has been a temperamental shit-fuck production.  
for more kicks go to  
[www.livejournal.com/users/the\\_spider\\_love](http://www.livejournal.com/users/the_spider_love)  
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